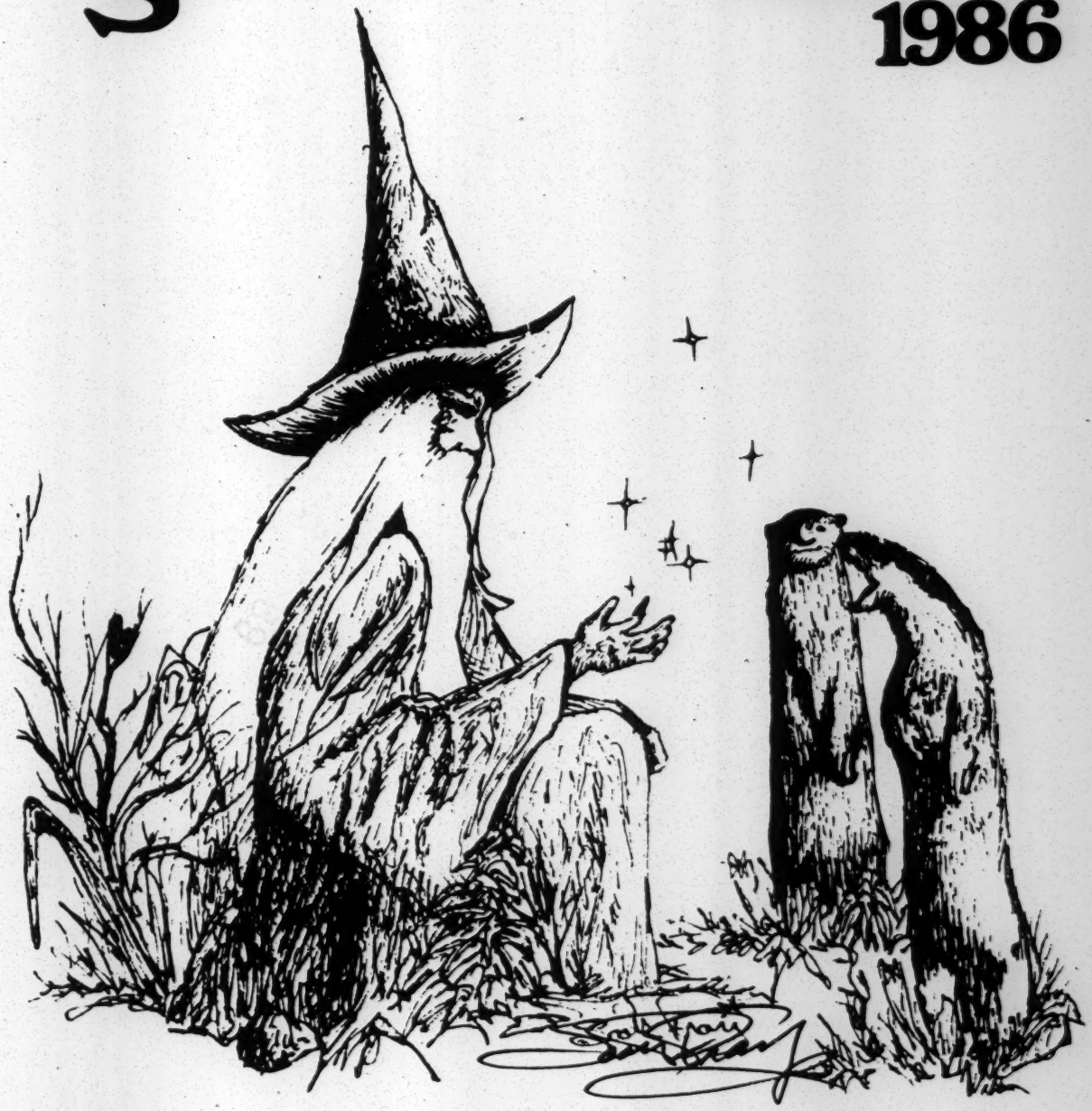
Seasonal Silver

Autumn
1986



Volume-2 Number-3

The purpose of this magazine/newsletter is to express a love of Nature and a basically Humanitarian point of view--that whatever our beliefs, gender, color, sexual preference--or whatever makes us unique individual human beings--we CAN get along with and love each other. And we CAN love and respect Her: Our Mother, the Earth.

This is a seasonal/quarterly magazine/newsletter. Staff includes Donna Lyon Rhose, Aridiana, Geoffrey Pfaff, Miguel, Jaime Redwing, Gil Wyndel, Crystal Drajun and Arion.

With Special Thanks to Gary.

The Reflective Woods EDITORIAL

I was going to write an editorial that was of inter-mystical nature, but other concerns have placed themselves blatantly--irrevocably--before me.

I am not just a little angry at the current Supreme Court ruling on the sodomy laws. At this time while we 'think' we celebrate our free nation, we are allowing laws that desecrate our right to privacy to be upheld and the Supreme Court of this land is the enforcer of this desecration. What I find truly mindboggling is that the Supreme Court of Georgia had declared the sodomy laws of Georgia unconstitutional--can we now say the Supreme Court of the United States is more backwards than one of the more backward states?

The law does not just intrude on Gay rights to privacy--but on all citizen's rights to privacy. The sodomy laws of Georgia declare that no one shall practice anal or oral sex including married couples and that all co-habitation outside marriage is illegal. For these 'crimes' one can go to prison from 1 to 20 years. What is worse is half of the states in the Union have similar laws. I don't think people realize how much this mocks our pretense of freedom--these laws invade one's own home. We are seeing a new wave of perverse energy in government attempting to enforce moral codes rightly belonging only under the jurisdiction of one's personal beliefs (or was the Grand Archflamen of the Republican Right, Barry Goldwater, wrong when he said, "You can't legislate morality"?). If you are not harming or impeding another's personal rights--government has no business even expressing an opinion (or it's wrong for government to give any kind of real help to the street people, industries/farms in trouble, AIDS research, school lunches/breakfasts for poor children, financial help for higher education, day care for children of working mothers--but it's quite alright for government dictate personal behavior patterns--and sex is not the beginning nor would it be the end).

I also look for the pornography issue to do far more harm than good. What I see is a small segment of society obsessed with socio-religious guilt, fear of change, fear of others who do not believe in the "very same things" (and therefore are suspect) and from that fear the desire to enforce its perspective upon all. It is a great fear

and one I hope I never succumb to. It is something that must be fought or else we will lose all freedom in this country as time goes on.

There is also another attempt to curtail religious freedom on a bill referred to the House Ways and Means Committee, Bill H.R. 3389, Section 503 a, b, c. It is another attempt to exclude tax exemption to any group that is even 'believed' to practice or promote witchcraft or sorcery. It is blatantly unconstitutional, but could pass with the rest of the bill from pure neglect of those who do not understand the impact it will have not only on Wicca but on all other belief systems in this country that incorporate the mystical, magical, meditational, as well as the religions of Buddahism, Hinduism, to include Light Centers, humanistic and existential philosophically based groups and communes--and just plain free-thinkers.

It would give the government the right to judge what 'evil spirits' are and if 'supernatural' powers were used for evil intent. (The last time the "government" was enpowered to decide these issues, the Western world had 400 years of people burnings--and not only witches died--first they came and got the "free thinkers"--the heretics.) I thought we had something about separation of Church and State?

All these problems mean writing to our Congress-people--making our voices heard. We need to make others aware of how dangerously close we are to being thrust under a reign of frightening restriction--if not terror.

SAVE CIRCLE SANCTUARY!

Circle's right to use Circle Sanctuary Land for Pagan networking and related purposes has been challenged by the county zoning office. On the surface, this issue appears to be a question of whether or not we can legally continue to have our offices and living quarters in part of our barn. However, local media investigating the matter have discovered that underlying the legal question is an organized effort on the part of some local people to drive us off our land because they mistakenly think we are devil worshipers. Circle is now in the middle of a fight, not only for the right to continue to use Circle Sanctuary Land for Pagan activities but, because of the financial pressures and other stress involved in this, a fight for Circle's future survival including the survival of the Pagan Rights efforts we are now doing on behalf of other groups and individuals throughout the nation. The help we need from you (pick one or all): Send us money; contact Christian (or other religious) allies who will write letters on behalf of religious freedom; tell others in the Pagan/occult community (get them to publish our plea in their periodicals, etc.); send us energy (we prefer the chants: "Success to Circle Sanctuary" or "More Light, More Love, More Freedom, More Joy" sent in Blue Light in a sphere of radiant White Light. Energize a rock, crystal or other stone and send it to us for our Stone Circle.) Thanks for any support you can give us. Blessed be, Circle Sanctuary, Box 219, Mt. Horeb, WI, 53572, 608-924-2216.

TRADITIONS:

The Burning Time

by Aridiana

She couldn't walk--both her legs had been broken in several places--so they dragged her. He couldn't answer the questions of the Inquisitors--his tongue had been torn out in the tortures--so they wrote him down as having confessed to knowledge of the Sabbat (he was a Christian). They held the child and forced him to watch as his mother, father, and uncle screamed out their lives in the living fire. She stared unseeing at the blurred crowd as the flames bit into her flesh--it's not so hard to die, she thought...for as the flames devoured her, the drug in her system released her spirit to the waiting arms of the Holy Divine Mother (she was not a Christian).

Like the stench of Nazism still infecting the Earth's aura, the Burning Time lives in memory whether karmic or as part of historical tradition bequeathed to all born into Western bodies since the Dark Ages. Rage, anger, frustration, hatred boil up in those of us who remember. Fear, sadness, and self-defeating unforgiveness at the (all abiding) injustice are our birthmarks into each new lifetime. For those of us who have once again embraced the Mother Religion, the Burning Time is one of our traditions--a tradition that must never again be celebrated.

We have all been promised (in consciousness--through visions--by intuition--inner planes teachers--belief in the American Constitution and civil liberties) that "this time you will not burn." However, we will burn again, and many others with us, if we do not do something concrete about stopping the burning before it gets further out of hand. (Further out of hand? Have there been burnings?...read on.) Books have been and are being burned all over the United States. The people who burn books sooner or later forget that books and people are separate entities--their irrefutable logic inevitably leads them to the reasonable conclusion that burning people is just as okay as burning books. "It can't happen here--not in the United States of America. You're just being an alarmist."

That's what they said in Germany. (There's more than one way to burn a witch--it doesn't have to be with stake and fire, it can be with law.)

The United States of America is an ideal--it is not a finished product; it is still in the process of becoming--as a political/cultural entity in world history, it is not out of its pampers (for this reason, citizens must continually push for "rights" of minorities--and for definition of services government should/should not provide). One of the biggest misunderstandings we have labored under is that our country is a perfected, completed being--a misunderstanding that has led to anger and burnout.

The U.S. was set up by two very polarized belief systems--the fundamentalist-Puritanical and the "magico"-Enlightenment of the late 17th century.

From the Puritan "foreparents" we were bequeathed our culture--the stilted sexual morals, stiff-necked demand for homogeneity, theocratic government, and idea that everyone should choose his own career (a radical breakaway from the family/guild system--not everything the Puritans believed was evil--or had evil consequences). The belief held by the majority of Americans that our country was founded on the Christian religion comes directly from the early graduates of the first college in the U.S., Harvard (a Puritan school), and the educators, writers, and administrators of education that went on to set up the educational system in America. Since these people wrote the history books and taught the classes, we have a culture that believes itself to have been set up ideologically by them.

From the magico (Mason/Rosicrucion)-Enlightenment "foreparents" we were bequeathed a federal political entity that was to act as a safeguard for all citizens (from itself as well as the state in which the person was citizen)--a government of the people, for the people, by the people--a radical departure from anything that had ever been known in human history (in the first years, as in Ancient Greek "democracy" the only people in the U.S. who had the right to vote were <u>men</u> who owned property. The right for all <u>men</u> to vote was gained at a later time through Constitutional amendment.)

In 1987, the 200th anniversary of the ratification of the Constitution will be celebrated--it is more important than the 200th anniversary of the Revolution or the restoration of "Our Lady of the Harbor." It is the celebraton of the document that guarantees us the right to have rights--a piece of paper that gives us the right to evolve further rights until true equality under the law can be manifested.

The Bill of Rights and the Constitution are the double flames that light Lady Liberty's Torch--without them, all the apple pie, ball games, hot dogs and beer would be meaningless--we would not be "Americans"--we would be something else--an American (unlike a rose) by any other name is not an American.

The problem we face as humans, souls, magickal people, Americans is the guarding of the <u>American Dream</u> (no, Virginia, the American Dream is not two cars in the garage, a chicken in every pot, designer jeans on every butt): Freedom, Justice and Equality for EVERYONE <u>under</u> the law, and the making of it to come true (this is the real "Manifest Destiny"--to manifest what our magico-Enlightenment fores- began). The battle is not over--the United States is not yet what it could become--"the New Secular Order" (see the Great Seal $1 bill--"Persistence in Vision?"). Like our fores- we must fight to make sure that their ideal is not lost to the limited, fearing, fundamentalist mentality--the forces of constriction--and

at the same time, we must let them be fearful if that is what they must do (as long as they harm none). Since the fight for human rights reaches cosmic proportion, it is not something we can do for a couple of circles, a few days or months and then let alone. Once begun, it must continue, until the dream manifests--probably not in our current lifetime (where will YOU be 100 years from now?).

There are many real, pressing needs and groups that need our support--mostly money, and most of us have little enough to live on. Nonetheless, we need to (and can) network with wider groups (I strongly recommend Dick Sutphen's New Age Activists) as well as our own and there are "little things" we as individuals can do to put a crimp in the style of the constrictive forces.

One I suggest could be called a "Bookbinding" Spell: Buy a book--any book (the more secular and less occult the better--the message would get out to more people). On the inside cover write indelibly: "This book is dedicated to the _____ Library in the name of all the books that have been burned (or irresponsibly, wantonly destroyed) since the written word was first used" (or something like that)." Drop the book into the depository of any local school, university, or public library or mail it to the Book Acquisitions Department. This will send the message to the public, to the librarians who are fighting valiantly to save our libraries (it's going on now people and it is real--not a paranoid delusion), and to the forces of constriction which are attempting to get out of control. And of course, the book(s) could be charged with a small, non-inflammatory chant like:

NEVER AGAIN, NEVER AGAIN, NEVER AGAIN THE BURNINGS

Done once a month--on a new moon....until the spell be bound on this level ... (A Word to the Wise is sufficient, and isn't that a nice little non-violent thing to do?)

Special Contributions this Issue:

Cassandra-NM, Cecela-Ga, Dionysus-Me, Don Lewis-Il, Goldie Brown-Pa, Ikalahm-Fi, Io Orion-Ga, Lew Paxton Price-Ca, Nova Dawn-Tx, Pat N.-Wa, Scott Fray-Mi, Takya-Mo

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ShadowSong

by Nova Dawn

My vision is blinded--my passion diminished
as promises received are abandoned.
Pleasure is lost--as memories are deserted
haunting forever as shadows.
My heart waxes numb--as the echoes seek to cheat
for words left unspoken--their reality
a fractured tongue

THE OLD RELIGION. Newsletter with a difference! Free magickal books to annual subscribers. Ad rates available for SASE. $2.63/issue; $15/annual subscription. Ted Weikel, P.O. Box 24, Sinks Grove, W.V. 24087-0024. List of occult books, $1 and SASE to above.

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SHADOWBOOK REVIEW

EYE OF THE CENTAUR, By B. H. Clow, Llewellyn Publications, $9.95

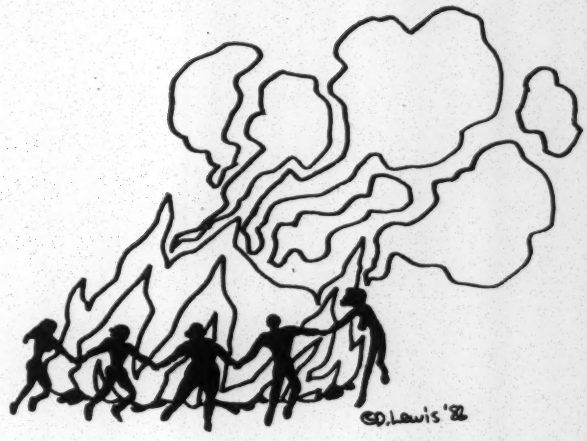
Reviewed by Goldie Brown

This is a book about past-life regression with a refreshing twist. It is not another casebook narrative by a clinical doctor, nor a collection of disjointed hypnotist's trophies. Ms. Clow tells of her personal quest through the eyes, minds, and bodies of other existences which make up her present self. She uses regression as a tool to discover her karmic heritage, tap forgotten abilities, and pull herself into a complete being. A belief in reincarnation is not necessary to relate to this book. Whether you see her many selves as alternate incarnations or consider them pieces of her inner psychology, the journey is equally spellbinding. It is the story of a woman's search for fulfillment and integration of scattered facets including psychological and spiritual revelations. Many of her other lives involve magic, prophecy, healing, crystal workings, and other subjects of interest to New Age readers. The book is hypnotic in tone drawing the reader behind the eyes of the characters with trance-like magnetism. Truths about one's own inner depths may be discovered spontaneously through this time-travel process! Some of the chapters give details of the author's current life as an astrologer/counsellor heavily influenced by Jung. Clow devoted her master's thesis to comparing regression under hypnosis to Jungian analysis as a technique for finding the archetypal Self. Eye of the Centaur is based on tapes of Clow's many hypnotic regressions. She wisely avoided the initial urge to pepper the regression material with historical footnotes verifying her experiences, however, an annotated bibliography is offered for those who desire further research. This extensive list is useful for anyone who is interested in delving into history and perhaps researching their own past lives. This is an excellent book for mystics and psychologists containing important information about the integration of the many facets of the inner self.

Journeys Beyond the Body (Part I) ($10)
Initiations, Transmutations & Immorality (Part II) ($11)
by Tony Van Dam. Published by PSI, Glastonbury, Somerset, England. (Both Books: $20: Soon to be available in U.S./Canada.)

Reviewed by: Takya

Initiations, Transmutations & Immorality, Part II of the two-manual set continues where Part I left off. This book primarily leaves the concepts of Astral Projection behind and takes the reader into mysticism. Chapter 1 covers the stages of Life Initiations: sub-levels begin with Spiritual (Cosmic) Levels of Existence (also known as the Planetary Hierarchy) and range thru Life Initiations to a Higher Vision. The rest of the book covers Natural Magick, Power Meditations, Transmutation, Immortal Self, Subconscious Domain, and much more. Due to the scope involved, it is difficult for the reviewer to describe what is awaiting the reader in these pages. As he did in Part I, Tony Van Dam excells in his use of language to give a clear understanding of the subject. Not everyone is ready for this book--it can be deep even for adepts. This two-set manual is a must for anyone concerned with spiritual progression/evolution.



SHADOWSONG REVIEW

MUSIC FOR THE WHOLE WORLD by The Gaia Hypothesis
c/o Cygnus Productions, 1053 Vista Trail, Atlanta, GA, 30324/$10

by Donna

Though I'm afraid I may be accused of prejudice in this case, I thoroughly believe this tape deserves not only a review but a review filled with delight and praise! It is not a finished work, but to have anything from this group sparkles my day. A lot of it is instrumental having a haunting quality one sometimes hears in traditional work from the British Isles. I know these folks as fine musicians--at times, I have sat totally entranced midst their playing. It is a blessing to be able to hear them whenever I choose--besides, I love the wonderful green (Bard's color) cover! May their Hypothesis prove your reality!

DEATH by John Wells
and
THIRST by Pittsburgh Pagan Alliance
Obtain from: Pittsburgh Pagan Alliance, c/o Goldie Brown, P.O. Box 624, Mouroeiville, PA, 15146

by Gil Wyndel

The style of DEATH is very blues and though I am not a fan of blues, I will say John has a smooth, strong voice and shows fine musical ability. I hate to say anyting negative just because I am not personally into a particular type of music--I am certain with his fine voice and instrumental talent, I would find myself delighted if it were of a different type. So, if you like blues--give John and DEATH a try!

And--don't forget THRIST--a song for all Vampire lovers (I'm one of <u>those</u>)! That one is crazy and insane--and I loved it!

THE OLDEST SCIENCE (III)

by

Lew Paxton Price

In the ancient calendar of twelve lunar periods, each moon (month) was synonymous with the sun's apparent passage through a particular sign of the zodiac. The year began in the spring which is why Aries is considered the first of the signs. There were twelve months and twelve signs in the path of the sun (called the ecliptic). Below each of the signs thru which the sun seemed to pass was another sign to be used for celestial navigation or astrological work when one was in the southern hemisphere--in those times before the decline of civilization men sailed all over the world and placed colonies as far south as the lower tip of Africa. Above each sign in the ecliptic was another sign to be used in the far north.

The earliest records we have of this old system came from between the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers--a land called Sumer (pronounced Shoo'-mer). It was located further inland than the shores of our times as silt deposits from the two rivers over the last six thousand years have extended the land outward into the ocean.

We do not know whether the enlightened people of Sumer brought their knowledge to the area or whether it developed within Sumer as part of the original population. We do know that, of the many nationalities who lived in Sumer at that time, the dominant culture was a race apart--distinct from the Semites and the immigrants from the north. Their language was unlike other languages in the area and their knowledge of mathematics was superior to that of any other group.

We do not know how much of their civilization survived the flood or how much evolved after the waters receded, but their clay tablets tell a story of a great flood in which a wealthy man and his sons supervised the building of an ark and stocked it with representatives of their domestic animals, seeds for planting, and tools so that they could return after the flood and rebuild the thirteen older cities upon their original sites.

We know that the early Sumerians had an advanced legal system, alphabet, socialistic type of land ownership, government that was little more than the church of the time, knowledge of holistic medicine, no standing army (which led to their downfall), and knowledge of how to develop superior animals and crops. The grain crops we have today, domestic animals, and much other farm produce originated in ancient Sumer. They developed the musical scale we use today--probably as an offshoot of their math and art--and a form of written music as well as a variety of musical instruments for their orchestras. Most outstanding of all, was their knowledge of astrology. Their giant astrological temples (called ziggurats) dominated the architecture of their day. Their governing system, medical practices, and agriculture were steeped in astrological considerations which gave them an edge over other cultures of the time.

As more Semitic groups moved into Sumer, the concepts of government separate from church, personal property, and warfare between cities became part of their civilization. But, it took a conquering Semitic army to eventually establish a standing military machine and higher taxes. In time, Sumer became part of the Babylonian Empire providing the great capitol Babylon with the basis of her superior science and religion.

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WHISPERS FROM THE WELL: The Golden Wheel,
By Ariadiana. Mystical Poetry for each Month. Parchment. $2.50 ea. Obtain thru Seasonal Silver, P.O. Box 189, Alpharetta, GA 30201

MYSTERY PLAYS: Bring myths dynamically alive; let the Ancient Mysteries magically open the doors to ever deepening spiritual understanding. If you live in the Atlanta area and are interested in studying/unravelling the Mysteries Within--and performing them (bringing them out--THE MAGICK), and creating New Mysteries for the New Age: send your name and phone number to Seasonal Silver and we'll get in touch with you. Class forming.

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Hyatt Regency, New Brunswick, New Jersey
For hotel information/directions call/write Regency, 2 Albany Street, New Brunswick, New Jersey, 08901 (201) 873-1234/Telex: 833092. Room rates: Single $50; double $55; triple $60; quad $65, per night. Preregistration: for weekend now til June 31, 1986: $20.

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Path of the Pagan Warrior:
Faerie Fire, c/o Pagansword,
St. 432 (Dept. R, 263-A
West 19th St., NY NY
10011

The Graverobber's Gazette Newsletter
For Info: Unicorn Coven, P.O. Box 219, Galveston, IN 46932.

STARDUST SALAMANDER
quarterly Pagan/Wiccan networking newspaper. Subscriptions $7.50/yr; sample copy: send 2 first class stamps. Each subscription receives free 30-word classified ad. TEMPLE STARDUST, P.O. BOX 341383, Memphis, TN 38184.

W E I R D--Quarterly Paper
Pittsburgh Pagan Alliance
$7/yr--$2/sample. Checks payable to: G. Brown, P.O. Box 624, Mouroeiville, PA 15146

OF A LIKE MIND
An international network-newspaper for spiritual ♀, focusing on ♀'s spirituality/paganism/Goddess religions/our earth connections from a feminist perspective. Articles/reviews/news/announcements/graphics/extensive networking section. Sample copy $3. Membership/subscription write with SASE: OALM, Box 6021, Madison, WI 53716.

SheTotem, quarterly women's magic newsletter. Sub: $8/yr. Checks payable: SheTotem. SheTotem, P.O.B. 27465, San Antonio, TX 78227-0465. Letters/articles/illustrations welcome.

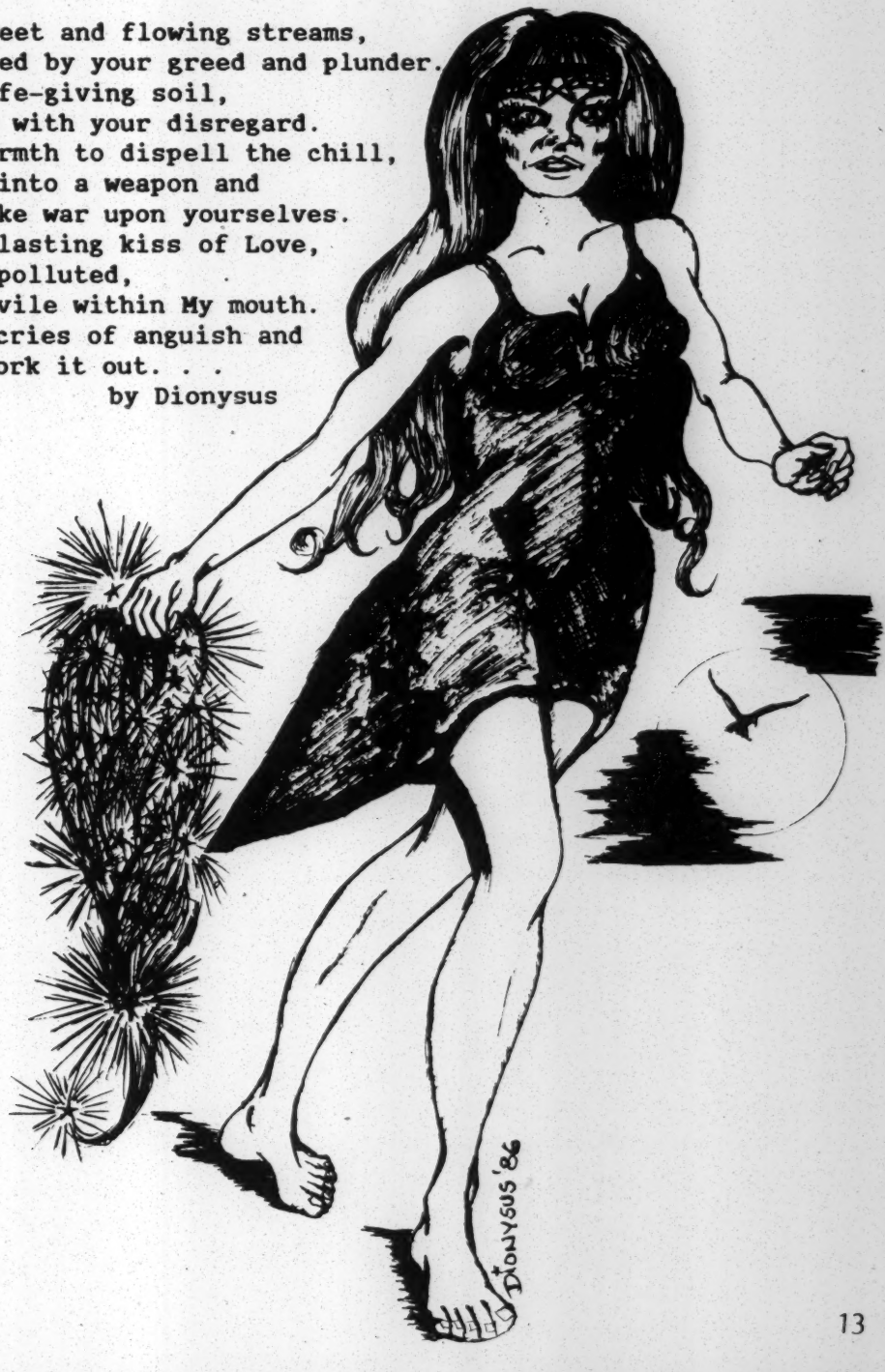
SPIRIT WITHIN NEWS, A Prison Pagan Newsletter. CO/M.S.P. Pagan Group, Box A, Thomaston, ME, 04861

GANYMEDE
Tayu Press, P.O.Box 11554, Santa Rosa, CA 95406
Tayu Fellowship and Gay Spirituality

Boundaries of forest and
green persistent vine,
Tall, aged oaks who stand as guardians,
ancient teachers mine--
Amber leaves that shift and crackle
as I walk with naked toes
From walls and streets--I tread a path
that wilder spirits know.
Nature in Her bounty
a circle space has sent--
I come alone,
cast off the weight,
leave cares and woes behind
Within Her sanctuary, I return to sacred time.
The Goddess of the Forest is the Goddess of the Town,
Yet I lose my sense of wonder when too much I'm
city-bound.
I'm blessed with Her communion
when I sit in silent space
in Her Circle on the hillside
where the nature spirits trace.
Two felines leap and dance
within the golden waning light,
The dusky hues are speading out
and cool air heralds night.
Through distant senses city's rush
returns to sound its toll--
I shall arise and take
Her Sacred Circle in my soul.

by Io Orion/2-86

My children, My children;
Listen as I speak.
I have given to you Water,
to quench your lasting thirst.
I have given to you Earth,
to sustain food to satisfy your hunger.
I have given to you Fire,
to warm you when I slumber.
And, I have given to you Air,
providing you with an example of the
breath of life; that I lovingly
bestowed upon you all.
YET:
Now you persist on perverting
all these gifts to you by Hate.
War, Pollution.
My Water, My sweet and flowing streams,
bittered by your greed and plunder.
My Earth, My life-giving soil,
you poison with your disregard.
My Fire, the warmth to dispell the chill,
is turned into a weapon and
you make war upon yourselves.
And My Air, My lasting kiss of Love,
is now so polluted,
it is vile within My mouth.
Please hear My cries of anguish and
STOP--to work it out. . .
by Dionysus



AIDS --IT'S HERE NOW. WHO'S RESPONSIBLE?

by Geoff Pfaff

Every fiscal year leaders have pushed for increases in the budget for AIDS research--every year there has been an increase--yet never enough. If there had been enough money, say a billion dollars given every year, how far along would research be?

My real question is: why are we waiting for the federal government to supply funds? Out of 200 million people in the U.S., how many are now sympathetic to the suffering? Out of 4 billion in the world how many? Why don't concerned citizens send money to stop this disease--instead of "blaming the victims" by marching in the streets and upholding bogus moral legislation aimed at taking away <u>everyone's</u> personal (not just sexual) rights (the State of Georgia's "Bedroom Buster's" law apologized for in the name of "stopping the spread of AIDS")?

LIVE AID got millions in one day from concerned people for the starving. AIDS has hit hardest in the same country as the starving: Africa. This disease, experts tell us, is in all cultures and peoples--it is not a Gay problem nor a "choice" problem like drug abuse--it is a human health problem. So where is the money so desparately needed?

If only 20 million people in the U.S. committed $10 a month, $200 million a month would go into research--$200 million a month!--almost twice the amount given per year by our government. The possibility for worldwide contributions is even greater. However, <u>it is not given</u>; not even by the Gay community which has been hit so hard.

There will come a time very soon (the experts predict within 5 years) when every person in this country--in the world--will be touched by this killer disease. There is no escape, only resolution. Giving only $10 a month until it is over (10 dollars--easily spent on wine, Perrier with a twist, cable tv, or other luxuries) combined with others <u>will make a difference</u> in stopping this horrible disease--the difference <u>is</u> life and death. Like the bubonic plague, AIDS is no respector of color, race, creed, sex, sexual preference, or socio-economic status. However, the bubonic plague left survivors--<u>AIDS does not</u>.

There are several research organizations to which you could send money (if you cannot send $10--send $1 in token--"if everyone lit just one little candle..."):

NIAD--National Institute for AIDS Research, Budget Office, Building 31, Room 7A-10, Bethesda, Maryland, 20205. Phone: 213-469-3571.

American Foundation for AIDS Research (AMFAR), 40 West 57th Street, New York, New York, 10019.

American Foundation for AIDS Research (AMFAR), 9601 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California, 90210. Phone: 213-273-5547.

Gay Men's Health Crisis Center, P.O. Box 274, New York, New York, 10011. Phone: 212-645-5368

AID Atlanta, 811 Cypress Street, N.E., Atlanta, GA, 30308. Phone: 404-872-0600

AIDS Project Los Angeles, 7362 Santa Monica Boulevard, West Hollywood, California, 90046. Phone: 213-8976-8951.

AID for AIDS, 8235 Santa Monica Boulevard, #311, West Hollywood, California, 90046. Phone: 213-656-1107

Or give to organizations within your state. Contact: Geoffrey Pfaff, c/o Seasonal Silver, P.O. Box 189, Alpharetta, Georgia, 30201. I'll get addresses to you!

LOVE

IS NOT A FOUR LETTER WORD

by Nova Dawn

Love is not a four letter word by context of its own reality. Since the beginning of human history, love has been the most sought after gift anyone could possess--yet it has been the most misused and misunderstood word ever spoken. This simple four letter word has caused more pain and heartache than any war ever fought. Yet, the word love holds no pain within its own reality.

To experience the reality of love, one must go beyond the label--all labels are only reflections of deeper meanings. We experience this when we see the smile of a small child--in that moment we sense something more beautiful and much deeper than any four letter word could express. Today we constantly see the reality of love is understood by few. This is due to the misconceptin of its reality we acquired as children when we were taught that love is something we seek and find outside ourselves, instead of being found within ourselves--and must be shared before it is truly beautiful/real. In the common man/woman relationship today, we see the experiencing of love's shadow instead of its reality. All shadows fade with time. The reality of love is unity. Only in unity can one be balanced--at peace; and only in unity can there be love. True love never fades with time. It is like a sunset, the more you experience it, the more beautiful it gets because its beauty is so vast, so astonishing, it will always hold something new for tomorrow. In your search for love, seek not its shadow but its reality. Remember, outward beauty is only a reflection of a beauty which lies much deeper. There lies within us all a palace of love--the gates are open to all who come in unity. So come as the Child, who only seeks to share, and you will find the reality. LOVE is not a four letter word.

THE PAGANISTIC NEO-CHRISTIAN PSEUDO-SCIENTIST
OR
THE ECLECTIC METAPHYSIST

by Ikalahm

It has taken two-thirds of my life to come to grips with myself/Self ... and Legion the "I" must coordinate from various philosophical/religious influences to which I have been exposed plus what I feel and know. While still engaged in the empassioned, perennial (lo, eternal!) search for answers and refinements of answers to the Great Is, I have come to a point where I feel that some meaningful perspective has been gained. My "answers" can neither be entirely satisfactory nor applicable to all on The Path. We all seek and find different levels--we gravitate toward varying strata of enlightenment: <u>there can be no other Way but that of the solitary journey</u>. Perhaps someone's brief perusal of my sojourn might be of service.'

Reared in the infamous "Bible Belt by parents of above average intellect--yet imbued with the most limiting of southern tradition and fundamentalist dogma--I found myself at the callow age of five enrolled in what was to be a full tenure of Southern Baptist schooling. Before my promotion to grade two thru my second year of college, I found myself growing more contemptuous (and rather derisive) of most of the attitudes and dogmatic fervor guarded and cherished by my "mentors." Either through my secret study or by open pronouncements of "acting in accordance to the Will of God," I learned of Christian oppression, vainglorious acts of murder and destruction, and of the fickle and feint-hearted acceptance or denial of often transient official doctrine--facts with which I am sure most readers have at least a cursory acquaintance. I saw how the teachings of Christ on altruism, self-sacrifice, and universal love--as well as the references to the powers of this Avatar--were twisted and perverted to manipulate the strongly faithful--yet intellectually deactivate minds of followers. I realized that as great as he may have been, even the man Jesus was being manipulated by the mutated monstrosity somehow begotten by his gentle teachings. Through it all, I took note of these life-instructions and their meta-physical truth; I stored them away.

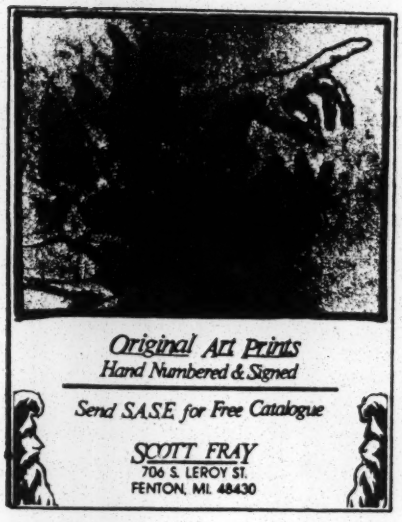
Concurent to the above--about age twelve--though I had covertly studied the occult for three years, I began to experiment with different practices. At that time my involvement was with (shall we say?) the Left Hand Path ... or at least for somewhat rather "left-handed" purposes; while I did learn acceptance of my body and nature (that needs and desires might be fulfilled without condemnation), this freedom lent itself to the practice of justified selfishness and indulgence. While I achieved a broadened view of the All (the nature of Nature), I also embraced the harsher elements of arcane study as an archetypical life plan. Though I had come to know the worth, beauty, and joy of ritual, I was infatuated with sensation of authority and power I possessed.

Nearly a decade followed of iconoclastic pursuits (at the time to my benefit I spurned the occult), during which enhanced perception of nature, maturing understanding of my humanity/spirituality, and appreciation for the Magical Process remained--providently stored within.

After this, I rejected all active metaphysical work, surveyed many treatments of the mysteries: Voodoo, Buddhism, Shamanism, Hinduism, Atheism (to many a religion in its own right--though I found it most unsatisfying). I locked away bits of each meta-philosophy.

Eventually after protracted contemplation and following condensation of essential and basically coinciding elements of my varied studies, I settled upon a nonreligious, meta-scientific point of view: Generic Metaphysics... With this outlook, I acquired profound (at least for me) insights into Karma, health care, astral, and psi manifestations and trans-scientific reality. I was at last satisfied. ... Well, ... almost.

Though I had at last taken the metaphorical/meta-physical crowbar and pryed open my yet tightly closed mind, I discovered that, for now at least something more than cold intellectual understanding was needed; certainly, more was desired. While it may be the destiny of humankind to one day shed its magical skin and function as the ultimate amorphous, generic Mental, for the moment I still receive benefit from Summoning the Sun at dawn in the Egyptian tradition, Calling Down the Moon in ritual vesture at true midnight, invoking the same efficacious pagan gods as did my forebears thousands of years ago. Indeed, my melded understanding drawing from my diversified, stored truths--the anthropmorphic I AM and pantheistic IS--has been my return Home.



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As The Cauldron Bubbles

by Aridiana

It was a dark and stormy night. Xandarza muttered an incantation over her glowing candle and her favorite salamander, Murray, rubbing his eyes, answered grumpily, "Yes?"

"I need to talk to you," Xandarza said just as grumpily, "I've decided that I need to get an apprentice. I'm tired of doing all the work. I need someone to fetch and carry for me. And, someone to get into trouble so that I can learn from their mistakes."

"Well, by all means, get yourself one; why bother me?" He floated lumpily out of the flame and settled softly upon the marble table leaning back on her dog-eared grimoire.

"I needed to talk to someone. Kinip won't speak to me, he insists on being called Pywacket ever since that last past life regression, and Demozoi is out pursuing some hounds or Baskervilles or some fair young thing...he has no time for me either."

"Oh, so call up good ol' Murray--huh? Good ol' Murray'll do the Dance of the Seven Veils--he'll bend, he'll bow, he'll applaud like one hand clapping! C'mon, give me a break. I just got finished with a forest fire in California--those California salamanders are hot little babes--I'm tired!"

"All right, go on back then. Sorry I bothered you," Xandarza pouted. What kind of sorceress was she anyway? Nothing seemed to work. Depression sat on her shoulders like a velvet cloak. Her magic had had the "k" taken out of it. Looking dejectedly into the dark raging night, a silver tear flowed softly down Xandarza's elfin-round chin (she was, as she well knew, quite adorable when crying one silver tear).

Will Xandarza obtain an apprentice?

Will the "k" ever come back into her magic?

Will Kinip ever return to the present time and stop believing that he belongs to Kim Novak?

Will Murray get any rest?

Read the next issue to find out these answers or others, As the Cauldron Bubbles.

I am interested in corresponding, discussing, philosophizing about symbolism, occult significance of mythology/history, the calendar and cycles. Discourse is vital to the life and shape-taking of concepts/convictions. Nancy, P.O. Box 3208, St. Augustine, Florida 32084

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Heartsong
by Cecela

She stands in a clearing at
the center of the woods,
Her arms outstretched to embrace
the Mother Moon.

Her figure drops to all fours in
familiar altered state.
Grey muzzle, sharp teeth, silver fur,
and blazing eyes of slate.

Her senses start to sharpen,
the scent is on the air,
The pace becomes more frantic,
will she find him there?

The meeting space is empty,
she howls her lonesome tune.
In hopes he'll send his answer
beneath the fullsome moon.

Her first replies are echoes,
the stillness then is long.
One night she'll hear an answer
in reply to partner song.

After pausing in the silence,
she returns to the cleared space.
Goddess form's reflected on the
return to woman's face.

She leaves but will continue,
this search to heal her heart.
This quest to find the wolfman
of whose soul she is a part.

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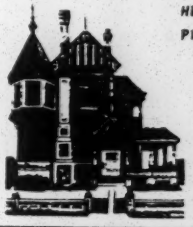

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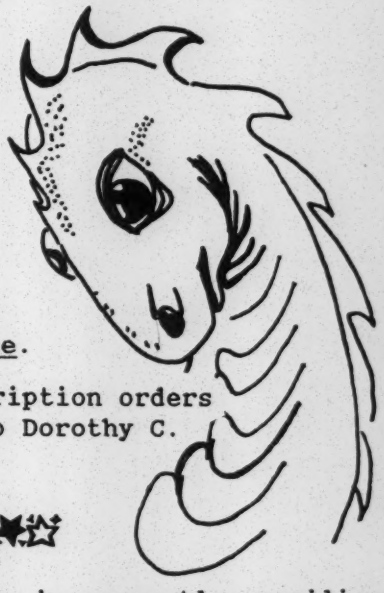

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